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## THE MILK TRUST.

Boiled milk is bad for babies. As the milk comes from the cow it contains natural bacteria which aid in its digestion. Soon after the milk is drawn it absorbs other and injurious bacteria. But any process which effectively kills all the bad bacteria interferes with the beneficial operations of the good bacteria.

Pasteurized milk is not boiled milk, but only milk which has been brought to a high temperature less than boiling point, and then quickly cooled, thereby checking the growth of injurious bacteria.

Another way of checking bacterial growth is the use of preservatives. All milk contains a natural acid, known as lactic acid, which at ordinary temperatures causes milk to become sour. The icing of milk and keeping it at a temperature below 50 degrees Fahrenheit checks the increase of the acid bacteria and lengthens the time before milk becomes sour.

The use of preservatives will keep milk from becoming sour for an indefinite length of time. This fact makes it easy for any milk user to determine whether the milk has preservatives in it. If milk is kept in a warm place for eight or ten hours and does not turn sour it is positive proof that some such injurious preservative as borie acid or formaldehyde has been used.

Certified milk is the best of all for babies. This is milk which has been produced under sanitary conditions by clean, healthy cows in a clean, wholesome stable, and which is kept in sealed cans or bottles at a low temperature until it reaches the consumer.

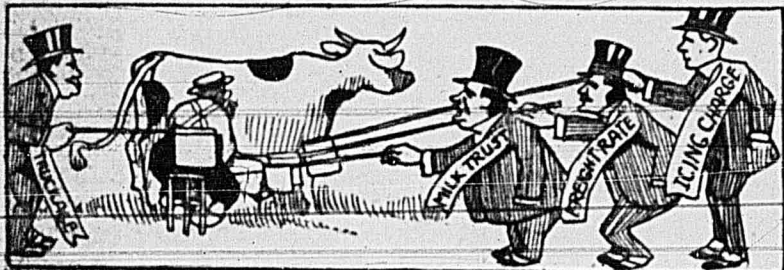
The price of certified milk has been recently advanced to 12 and 15 cents a quart. The price of ordinary milk has been advanced another cent a quart. New York City received a week ago 233,577 40-quart cans of milk and 10,540 cans of cream. This is about the average weekly consumption throughout the year.

One cent increase in price is an additional charge of \$100,000 a week or \$5,000,000 a year.

This is the price which New York City is paying for the privilege of having a Milk Trust.

The Milk Trust is going through the same progressive stages of growth as the Ice Trust. The Ice Trust began by cutting down the price which the ice producers received, thereby reducing the value of all the ice-houses, which it then proceeded to buy up at a low valuation. After it had bought up the sources of supply the Ice Trust then closed many of the ice-houses and reduced the quantity of production. This made it easy to increase prices through the artificial scarcity which it had itself produced.

The Milk Trust has been going through the first part of this process by reducing the prices paid the farmers until many farmers receive only 2 cents a quart, net, for their milk. At 2 cents a quart a cow's milk sells for less than the cost of the feed at present market prices for bran, middlings, hay and corn fodder.



These low prices to the farmers have caused many farmers to go out of the dairy business. Orange, Sullivan, Putnam, Dutchess and other nearby counties are producing less milk. The independent dealers, to secure a supply, have to go as far away as Syracuse, Watertown and Ogdensburg, where the freight rates are higher and the length of time consumed in transportation causes the milk to deteriorate.

Everybody who has plenty of money could get all the ice he and his family wanted last summer. Everybody who has plenty of money now can buy good certified milk for his baby at 15 cents a quart.

As for the few million people who cannot pay these prices, they have to take what they can get, and watch the Stock Exchange quotations of the Ice Trust's stock and compute the increased profits of the Milk Trust.

## Letters from the People.

## Signs of the Times.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The other night I passed an apartment house as a large lady was handing a little milk can to a woman who was a thing that looked like a bad dog, for a small dog. I heard her say: "Matt, be sure you walk him at least a mile. I do hope he won't catch cold." Off moved hubby and doggy. It was raining. Just then I saw on a poster the notice of a lecture on "Is Man a Free Agent?"  
E. L. BERNIE

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Am I entitled to vote at twenty-one or not? I was born in this country of foreign-born parents and raised in New York. My father never took out his record papers.  
C. R.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Coal smoke is the cause of many throat, nose and lung diseases. Many colds are caused by coal smoke. Couldn't catch cold if the air were not diseased. And coal smoke is the poison in the air. New York is getting as bad as Coney Island in the smoke way, and Chicago is worse than Pittsburg, and Pittsburg is worse than I hate to say what. Be well. Stop the smoke curse.  
MILLIONTH VICTIM

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A reader writes: "Which is fattest, the American navy, Jones or Barry?" I would say the greatest early authority on our navy, J. Paulsen, says that in his "History of the American Navy" first conferred that title on John Barry. No person of equal authority has ever

questioned Cooper's fastness or accuracy on this point.

HUGH MAHONEY.  
Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is "Ludwig" in German the same name as "Louis" in English? M. H.

Pipes Left on Street.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can nothing be done to force the city to lay pipes on Seventh Avenue or remove them? For a long time pipes have been lying on the street up and the odors are unbearable. Some action should be taken, and in case of sickness the city should be held responsible.

HARLEM.

One Cause for Thanks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
How glad we should be as winter comes on that the Subway people seem at last to be getting their cooling apparatus in some sort of working order! I'll bet the Subway will be deliciously cool by New Year's or thereabouts. More power to it! STRAP HANGER.

Ground Rents.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A recent editorial you strike the nail right on the head when you say: "The great landed properties of the city should be adequately taxed." The ground rents which some millionaires collect must be enormous, aside from that which they get from building. That which is received from the city is rent for services rendered to the individual, but for the individual who is permitted to retain land rent which was produced by services rendered by public servants, is wrong.

A. LUTZOW, Schenectady, N. Y.

## The Greatest Show on Earth.

By J. Campbell Cory.



## THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

To the Dean of the Chicago University, Who Has Dispossessed Cupid from His Last Stronghold.



DEAR DR. WILLIAM D. MACCLINTOCK, Dean of Chicago University—And there shall be no more Cupid! You have said it. Henceforth at Chicago University men and women students will not meet in class, at lectures or in the corridors. You will, however, graciously permit them occasional chance encounters on the campus, but the meetings, you declare, will be "on an entirely intellectual plane."

Mrs. Partington sweeping the Atlantic Ocean out of her home had a snap compared to the task you have undertaken. Did a man and a woman ever meet on an entirely intellectual basis since the world began? Would they meet that way even as disembodied spirits?

No, Dr. MacClintock. If you know anything about men and women you'll have to admit that they don't and they never will. Moreover, it would be very unprofitable to them if they did.

Perhaps you think the things you teach them—higher mathematics, philosophy, etc.—are more important than the things they learn from each other—not on

an intellectual plane at all.

Well, you're mistaken. Your university—all the universities in the world—are mere preparatory schools for the great College of Love and Life in which your students must matriculate after they have made a diploma exit from your doors.

A college boy may learn more from one blue eye than all your text books can teach him; a college girl absorb more wisdom in a late-afternoon stroll across the moonlit campus than in a semester of your philosophy or physics.

Heaven, mankind and the devil have striven through time to separate the sexes. Dean MacClintock, do you expect to succeed where all the forces of good and evil have failed?

Don't you know—having presided over a co-educational college you must know—that very often Edwin would not attend lectures at all if it were not for the glorious possibility of looking into Angelina's eyes? And that conversely Angelina's faithful presence in your classroom may be due to the unattractive Edwin's presence there?

By frowning upon co-education, Dean MacClintock, you deprive young men and women of the only chance of meeting and knowing each other exactly as they are, with no worldly advice of fathers and mothers to blight love's young dream or shape the generous impulses of youth to selfish, mercenary ends.

Maybe a college should not be a match-making arena. But in the interests of true love and fair play, Dr. MacClintock, I ask you to think again before dispossessing poor little Cupid from his last stronghold—the co-educational college.

## Two-Minute Talks with New Yorkers.



By T. O. McGill.

"The man who lives the really strenuous life these days is George Morgan, Superintendent of Elections."

"Judge yesterday, Judge is a New Yorker who has practical knowledge of the election machinery."

"Morgan is the nemesis of repeaters," he continued.

"More than that—he is the avenging angel for all outraged franchise hereabouts, and he has an appetite for running down and punishing any and all people who monkey with the election machinery."

"I have seen him work stretches of forty-eight hours without sleep, and he was ready to go further if there was any pressing need."

"Just now he is moving like a ferret to get at the burrows of several large jobs of colonization, and I can already see a scurrying of low brows from certain parts of the city."

"Morgan has done more to really throw the fear of the High Power into the hearts of the 'magazine' voter than any man who has yet been on the job."

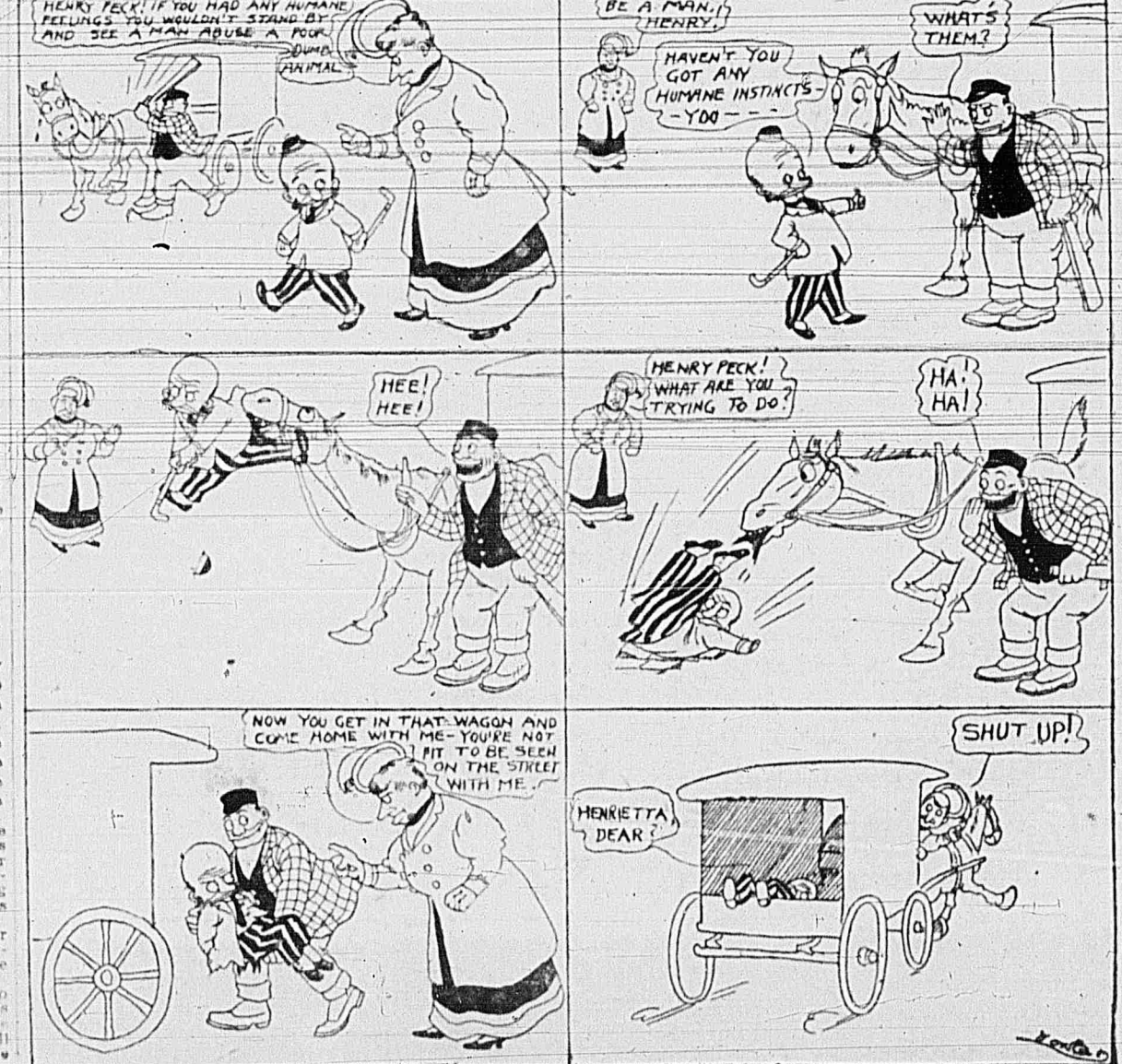
"I have seen several instances where Morgan's work was so telling on the gangs that it looked as though he would be a major to keep him the house for awhile."

"The average citizen cannot realize the bitter hatred and feeling that is aroused in the hearts of the lower classes (who pick up enough by crooked election work to send them along for some months) when their schemes are interfered with."

"There are not many people who care for Morgan's job, because of its element of personal danger. But aside from that it is one that requires all the steam any man at the head of the office can get up."

## If YOU Had a Wife Like This.

By F. G. Long



## NEW YORK THROUGH

FUNNY GLASSES  
By Irvin S. Cobb

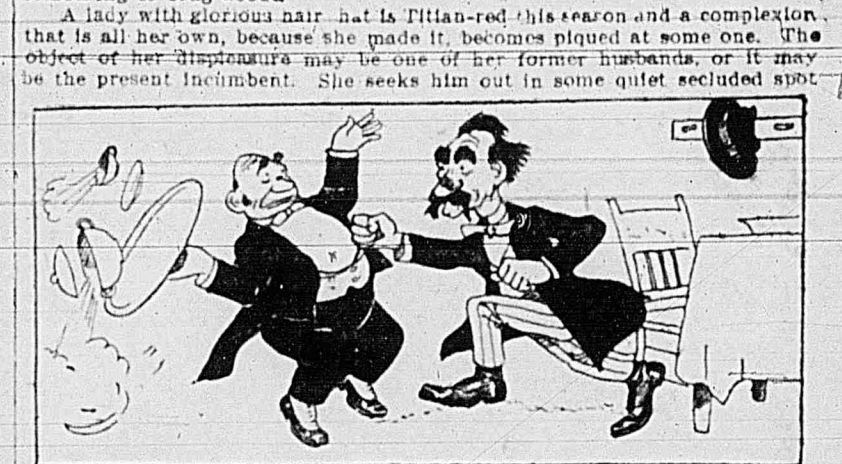


YOU may have noticed, from time to time, that the only kind of Southern family you ever hear spoken of in this town is the Old Southern Family. In the bright lexicon of Manhattan there's no such thing as the New Southern Family or the Latest Fall Block in Southern Families, or even an XXX Southern Family, or a Fancy Patent Southern Family for Family Use.

It makes no difference that the paper may be speaking of a person whose shellac of Southern culture is so fresh as to be still sticky to the touch. Possibly the subject only drops his "fa" with a visible effort, like swallowing a large oyster without chewing. All is Old Southern Family fish that comes to the net of the space-writing gentlemen on our island.

The newly varnished kind goes just the same as if it were the real goods. A party with long bangs and a Colonel Moberly accent tries to alter the looks of a waiter while in a state of pickles. His Gherkins is given a ride on one of those wagons that are so easy to get into, and so hard to get out of. Next day in the police court he tells the Magistrate that he belongs to one of the real Old Vatted Southern Families. The Magistrate turns him loose on the broad principle that an Old Southern Family can do no wrong, and when he goes back to his birthplace in Gallipolis, O., on a visit he has something to brag about.

A lady with glorious hair that is Titian-red this season and a complexion that is all her own, because she made it, becomes plucked at some one. The object of her plucking may be one of her former husbands, or it may be the present incumbent. She seeks him out in some quiet secluded spot.



Like Forty-second street and Broadway, and horsewhips him extensively. Because her folks used to live in the south ward at South Bend, and because she got all her divorces in South Dakota she feels justified in confiding to the newspaper man that she is a true daughter of the South and choicest of the warm blue and red Southern blood so common among Old Southern Families. She tells them how the perfidious wretch wooed and won her in the ancestral orange vineyard near Nashville on the Rio Grande River. How about that? a bunch of slanders, tutored reporter-souls, know that all the orange trees around Nashville grow lemons.

Also the Old Southern Family classic is often bread, meat and cigarettes for the thrifty press agent. We quote from one of his commoner forms of literary composition:

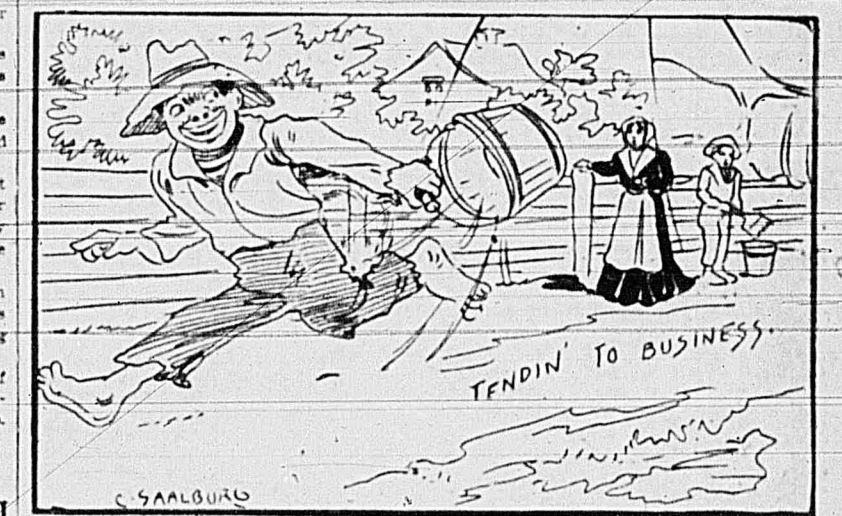
"Miss Madge Fairfax, the winsome star of the Mizzy-Lays Company of dramatic stars, is a lovely Southern girl. True, she was born in Kansas, but she attributes that trivial oversight to her parents. Her father would have won high rank as a gallant cavalry officer in the Confederate army during the Civil War if he had not at that time been still living in Germany. After the close of hostilities he was for many years a leading Southern planter, being engaged in the undermaking business at Mobile. On her mother's side, but some distance over, she is related to the Lees, the Pocahontases and other Old Southern Families of Virginia. She often recalls, with fondest emotions, her happy childhood days, spent on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico in Lexington, Ky. Miss Fairfax will shortly be seen in the leading ingenue role of that strong drama dealing with the horrors of the recent chickenpox visitation in Pompton, N. J., 'More to Be Pitted Than Scared.'"

## THE FUNNY PART.

The real Southerners continue to stand it without a protest.

## The Seven-in-Six Puzzles.

Fourth Series—Mark Twain.



Hidden Picture 4—Find the Hen.

THE EVENING WORLD here prints a hidden-picture puzzle. It will print one every day. Each picture is complete in itself, but if you will cut out and save the six pictures of each series and put them together properly at the end of the week you will be surprised to find that they make one big seventh picture that not only belongs to the group, but without which the series would be incomplete. Save the Mark Twain series and find the seventh hidden picture.

## Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

## She Loved in a Week.

Dear Betty:  
I AM desperately in love with a young man whom I have known for a week. He wishes to marry me, but I am not sure. He is another whom I have known for three years, and he also wishes me to become his wife, but he is poor, while the other one is very wealthy. Now what am I to do? Do you think it is only infatuation for the one whom I met a week ago or true love? What do you advise me to do, as I must have an answer ready for my new acquaintance by Sunday.  
MARRY THE ONE YOU LOVE, whether you have known him a week or ten years. His money will help some, remember.

## She Loves a Drummer.

Dear Betty:  
I AM a young lady twenty-one years old and have been keeping company with a young lady of about my own age, whom I love very dearly. She seems to love me also and is willing to marry me, but while her mother is willing that she should marry, she is always finding some fault with me and making things unpleasant. In other words, she is a typical mother-in-law. Under these circumstances would you advise me to get married or not?  
F. C. H.  
Yes, but insist that your wife shall make him love you. Be sweet and gracious to him. But don't expect to make him love you.

## She Wants to Meet Him.

Dear Betty:  
HENRY is a young man who passes my house frequently. I would like to make his acquaintance. He seems to be a nice young man, and I think a great deal about him. Now, dear Betty, would you kindly advise how to get acquainted with him?  
CORNELIA  
The only way to meet him is by introduction through some mutual friend. If he wants to meet you he will find a way.

## Too Much Mother-in-Law.

Dear Betty:  
I AM a young man twenty-one years old and have been keeping company with a young lady of about my own age, whom I love very dearly. She seems to love me also and is willing to marry me, but while her mother is willing that she should marry, she is always finding some fault with me and making things unpleasant. In other words, she is a typical mother-in-law. Under these circumstances would you advise me to get married or not?  
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